

any more than shining in the world. She was pleasant and sociable enough for some folks, but how was it possible, that a girl, who makes so little noise with her tongue as Fanny, should have caught the notice of the parson—above all men! She never pride into the affairs of the families of her neighbors—how then should she know how to manage her own! When she is not reading or assisting her parents, she is busy with her needle, for her family or the poor! She is altogether too modest for a girl of eighteen—and has not half brass enough to say "yes" to a man. She has a graceful figure enough, but she never laces herself, or takes pains to set it off in the most graceful manner. And yet has Fanny Williams got married to the parson! How marvellous! Strange! said the good souls, who had contrived every possible way to entrap the parson. "Ah! it is quite plain," they continued, with a knowing toss of the head, "that she is in possession of some marvellous secret—that accounts for it all!" That a poor mechanic's daughter should succeed after this fashion, unless she possessed some *indescribable charm*, is ridiculous. And the worst of the matter is that she should have been married, without appearing to have once thought of having recourse to those common means for husband catching, those little artifices, winks, inuendoes, smiles, and all the well directed artillery of the eyes, was absolutely astonishing, and proof conclusive that she was in possession of something that others had not. What a lucky man old Williams is! And oh! what a lucky girl is Fanny! A pretty wife truly such a girl will make for a clergyman. She is in league with some old witch or grandame—some fortune teller at the foot of the hill, who has revealed to her the art of making every body love her. It must be so—else why should she be thought of, and we neglected, who have for years been masters of all the female accomplishments, in which she is so evidently wanting. *She is not like other girls.*

Thus thought and spoke the old and young women concerning Fanny Williams. It was a mystery how she had so gained the affections of every body. She had never put herself forward in the least, but now she was before them all. "Fortunate Fanny—the daughter of a poor mechanic—who has thus risen so mysteriously from poverty to competency—what may the secret be! *She has some charm that works upon the hearts of all!* We must pray into it!" Ay, pray into it! go and ask the sweet girl, and most fortunate will you be in discovering the charm, if you allow it to make you all as charming as Fanny Williams.—*Clarke-mont Eagle.*

A JEW IN A QUANDARY.—A Jew is obliged to marry the widow of his brother, or with her consent to purchase his release, which is called *Cheliza*: otherwise a divorce must ensue, if he married subsequent to his brother's death. An instance of this kind my informant assured me, occurred in Jamaica, not many years ago. A merchant in Kingston, whose brother in England had recently died, entered into matrimony without consulting his sister-in-law. The widow no sooner heard of the marriage than she proceeded to Jamaica. One can easily conceive the pleasure her arrival must have afforded the new-married couple. The widow claimed her prior right to the hand of the bridegroom; and as young widows are persons not to be trifled with, she maintained her right with the most provoking obstinacy. The poor bride saw no other prospect than that the very disagreeable ones of giving up her husband, and going back to her father. The bridegroom, however, only resisted the claim to bring the obdurate widow to reasonable terms; and after a hard bargain for the blessing of getting rid of her for a wife, he purchased his release.—*Dr. Madden's Letters from Jamaica.*

PRICE REDUCED.
THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC for 1836 is offered to the public at the price of 50 cents per dozen. This Almanac is printed on superior paper, and is got up and executed in a style unsurpassed by any thing of the kind published. It contains as much matter as any other, and it will be found in all respects a correct and useful Almanac.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1835.

GIRL WANTED. to do the work in a family. Inquire at this office.

Sept. 16.

GIRLS WANTED. Several girls are wanted as apprentices to the tailoring business. Three or four can be accommodated with board, if desired. Inquire at this office.

Sept. 16.

SUPPLEMENT TO SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.
THIS work is just published, and may be had in any quantity, at the publishers' prices, of DAVID H. ELA, Sept. 9. 19 Washington Street.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.
ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

July 8.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite *Vauclain Hall*), Boston. if Sept. 9.

NOTICE.

STEPHEN S. ANDREWS, Sexton of the Methodist Chapel in Bromfield street, has removed from No. 47 Merrimack street to No. 5 Ballard Place, Bromfield street.

August 25.

6

BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY.

THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warrented lease at No. 14 Dock Square, and offer for sale articles are manufactured in their Factory, of a quality of a great variety as at any other establishment in this city. All goods offered to the public at the above warehouse will be stamped with the Factory's name, and warranted of the first quality, and in no cases will higher prices be charged than a other establishments.

Public are respectfully invited to call.

Persons from the South and West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets.

FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

July 22.

3m

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months will be lost.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, under \$10.00, for five subscribers.

5. All biographies, notices of revolutions, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.

ZION'S HERALD.

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ZION'S HERALD.
Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

DAVID H. ELA, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
THE GRAVE.
BY MISS C. ALLEN.

There is a little, quiet spot,
E'en in this world of care,
Where, all forgotten, soon forgot,
We rest in silence there.

That spot is where the cypress grows;
And where the long grass grows;
'Tis sacred to unnumbered graves,
And soothes life's deepest woes.

'Tis there, that each will lay his head,
'Tis there, our limbs will rest,
When every spark of life hath fled,
Which animates our breast.

And when that solemn time doth come,
As comes to all it must,
Which takes the immortal spirit home,
And yields our frames to dust;

Grant, heavenly Father, we may meet,
Resigned, our latest hour;
Humbly to bend at Jesus' feet,
And own his sovereign power.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
EARLY EDUCATION.
NO. IV.

Feeling my inadequacy to the task of doing justice to a subject embracing the eternal destiny, as well as the present felicity of men, my design was merely to touch on a few particulars, and leave the work for some able and experienced pen. The thought, however, which first suggested the subject, is yet to be presented. Though my preconceived limits have been somewhat extended, no one need fear that the ground of so extensive a field will be occupied. The more interest and talent we can enlist in this work, the more likely shall we be of securing the great object in view. The present aspect of our country, the spirit of rioting and mobocracy, and the clandestine movements of foreign powers with their intrigues in this land, all combine to show the importance of rightly educating our youth. The storm gathering from the four winds of heaven, and threatening desolation and ruin to our "happy Columbia," calls for effort in this enterprise, as well as in others. I have no fears, therefore, that the few feeble hints here given, will prevent efficient laborers from engaging in this work.

In my last number, I merely glanced at the passions, to some of which your attention is invited in this. It is well known that a man's passions exert a great influence over him, tending either to make him more happy or more miserable. Hope, the desire and expectation of some future good, nerves the soul anew, and makes it forgetful of present inconveniences and evils. This may account, in some measure, for the cheerfulness and hilarity of some, who are thrown into circumstances both afflicting and discouraging.

A well grounded hope, then, "which is like an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," should ever be cherished and kept alive. Joy gives a new aspect to every thing around, and for the time being, raises a man above himself. Love heightens every virtue, gives a new charm to every beauty in the object of one's affections, while it conceals its defects, deformities and faults. But all the passions do not always produce the same effect, of enhancing the enjoyment of man. For as all these, when brought into complete subjection, and properly employed in the service of God, create heaven in the soul, so will they, when suffered to go unbridled and uncontrolled, not unfrequently bring disgrace, remorse and misery.

As important as fear is, when directed to the great Creator, or other proper objects, it becomes the constant disturber of peace, and oppresses, like a tyrant, when by improper education, or indulgence, it is suffered to take the advantage. It fills the imagination of a man with spectres; surrounds him with serpents and adders; robs him of his courage and strength; and causes him to tremble at the movement of a leaf, or the sight of his own shadow. That such is the effect of an unchecked influence of fear, the experience of many will testify. But who will not add, that the formation of this temporary torment is laid in youth?

Prejudices were early instilled into the mind, which it is almost impossible to eradicate. That which first occupies a seat in the human soul, retains its place with the greatest tenacity. The deepest impressions are made, when the mind is most tender. How great soever the change of circumstances may be in after life, it is with the greatest difficulty that the mind is entirely divested of its early notions and premature opinions. The child is taught that danger is invariably connected with darkness;—that ghosts, or other beings, such as never existed any where, except in the imagination, are lurking beside his path, and plotting his ruin. Almost every living thing in creation becomes his enemy, by the mere circumstance that light is withdrawn, and he consequently left defenceless. He is threatened with imprisonment in a dark cellar, or dungeon, for every non-compliance with the requisitions of adults, or disobedience to their injunctions. He hears a hundred tales of murders, haunted buildings, or places, and of evil-designing genii, related with the greatest care and precision, around the evening fireside. Every eye of the little group is fixed, and every ear is open, while the earnest matron is telling over the sad story. Thus their fears are excited, so that the sudden approach of their best friend would at first strike terror to their agitated minds. They dare not venture alone in the dark. Whenever, after this, necessity calls them to pass

through a lonely walk in the night, all these frightful images are again and again revived in the mind. Let the man whose judgment has become matured, and whose reason tells him there is no cause for fear, save himself, if he can, from this delusion! Let him in the stillness of midnight, and the solitude of the wilderness, say to his palpitating heart, Be still, and to his fears, Be gone, and what will it avail? He may know that nothing is near to harm him, yet he is startled by the whistling of the breeze, the flitting of a bird, or the sound of his own footsteps.

Though these thoughts may seem common-place, yet who, when reflecting on his own experience, and on his observations on others, can deny the importance of guarding the youth against all such unnecessary and foolish delusions.

Sept. 16, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

When we look abroad on the face of nature, we are continually reminded, that all things which are of the earth, shall pass away.

The dew-drop glitters like a diamond at early dawn,—a few moments, and it has vanished from our sight.

We love the mild sunshine of an April morning, but we look again, and a dark cloud obscures our vision.

We admire the bright colors of the flower of summer, which scatters its fragrance to the breeze; but while we inhale its sweet perfume, it withers and falls to the ground.

The seared and faded leaf of autumn, as it floats on the gale, and the sun when it sinks in the western horizon, should be to us as a voice, speaking in language not to be mistaken.—Ye too are passing away.

Let us reverse the picture. As the dew shall return with the evening, and the morning cloud be succeeded by the "bow of promise;" and as the hues of summer, which are displaced by the sooty tints of autumn, shall be removed by the breath of another spring, so man, though his days are as a shadow which fleeth away, if he faithfully perform the duties assigned him on earth, shall leave the savor of his good name, like the ray of light from the setting sun, and rise again in glory, in that world which passeth not away, but abideth forever.

ELIZA.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE FOR CHILDREN TO IMITATE.

While reading the example of brother KENT, in No. 33, I was much pleased with the love and zeal manifested by those English children, who came so far on the water, for the cause of missions; and I ardently pray, that many others may "go and do likewise." American children only need to be told of the wants of others, and they have feeling hearts and open pores.

Soon after the Conference had finished its session in Lynn, a part of their very interesting Sabbath school exercises, with some of the remarks of the speakers on that thrilling occasion, were mentioned before the Sabbath school at Lynnfield, and they soon caught the missionary fire. Their little eyes looked bright and then moist, as they heard of Africa's children having no Bible and no Sabbath school, and they seemed to say, We must "do" something for Africa. They went home and thought, and I believe prayed, and of their own accord headed a paper, saying—

"We give the following sums for to supply the poor African children with the Bible."

The next Sabbath day, one of the little girls, with a smiling face, handed a little package containing their names and their money, which, with a little addition from the rest of the school, made \$1.25 for the Bible cause.—Come, children, here is a good example for you to follow.

I had rather send a Bible to Africa, than to have all the gains, or treasures that ever were wickedly taken from this suffering quarter of the globe. Should every Sabbath school unite their sixpences and purse, a sum of \$1.25 for the Bible cause, would be a great service to the poor and needy;" nor dare your Committee to believe that either they themselves, or their brethren generally, have been as faithful as they should have been, in the performance of the duties enjoined in this cause, and numberless other similar passages of Scripture.

But this is what your Committee believe to be the case. It does seem to your Committee, that there are reasons the most conclusive, why we should not neglect these solemn duties.

It is well known that the subject of Slavery is now engrossing the attention of the greater proportion of the people in the free States, and that it is undergoing a thorough investigation by many, in all ranks and classes of society.

Let it not be supposed, from what we have said before, that we were among those who opposed the organization of the Wesleyan Lyceum. We claim no relationship to the sentiment that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and whoever does, glories in his own shame.

It would be characteristic of such a person, to lightly esteem an institution, bearing the name of that great and good man. We merely neglected it, but were greatly surprised to learn that some viewed it as obnoxious to our religious institutions!

If there be one among us who seriously entertains such views, we hope some person will strive to enlighten him forthwith: he cannot be far from the dark paths of the Papist.

At the commencement, when we heard the plans of instruction proposed, it appeared to us, in part, a common school routine, and better suited to those places where no public provision is made for the education of children.

It was, and is our opinion, that such studies and exercises as are not had in the schools, would be more acceptable; and instead of fixing a precise course of operation, we think it should be left to the curators to manage, after it shall be ascertained of what the association is composed.

They of course would wish to be governed or advised by the society, and could have no desire to contravene the rights of any.

One deficiency in the education of our young men, is the neglect of the thinking powers: they read much more than they digest—they hear much more than they remember, and this is a common habit. Writing



ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1835.

Whole No. 313.

which nearly three millions of our species are now doomed to endure?

We answer, it is the holding and treating of men, women, and children, as *property*; and for a human being to be thus held and treated, your Committee believe is a flagrant sin against God, for the following, among other reasons:—

1. Because it refuses to the enslaved the rights of his own reason and conscience. These are rights, which God has never given any man a right to take away from his fellow-man.

2. Because it may, and it does, more or less annihilate the family state;—it prevents the enslaved parents from obeying the commands of God with regard to their children;—it severs children from the parents, to whom they belong;—it prohibits, or nullifies, the marriage rights, and prevents those who are husbands and wives, (in the sight of heaven), from obeying the commands of God with regard to each other.

3. Because it originates and sanctions promiscuous intercourse between the sexes of the enslaved; and the great proportion of mulattoes in the slave States, shows that the system of slaveholding is equally corrupting and pernicious in its influence on the whites. Can a God, of infinite purity, look with approbation on such a state of things? And does He smile on those, of his professed children, who oppose that is done to bring it to an end?

4. Because it holds the religious privileges of the enslaved at the mercy of the master, whether that master be good or bad, infidel, papist, or protestant. Such power over another, the great Creator never gave to any man, or society of men; and hence, to assume it, is to sin against God.

5. Because it prevents the slave from obeying that command of God, which makes it the duty of all men, to "search the Scriptures." And how long shall we censure the Papists for withholding the Scriptures from their people, while Protestant Christians, in this republic, so far-famed for its *freedom*, withhold the Bible from two millions of heathen in the slaves; and proper committees shall be appointed by the Annual Conferences, out of the most respectable of our friends for the conducting of this business; and the Presiding Elders, Elders, Deacons, and traveling Preachers, shall procure as many proper signatures as possible to the addresses, and give all the assistance in their power, in *every respect*, to aid the committee and further this blessed undertaking. Let this be continued from year to year till

THE DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is said that when the Indian chieftain, King Philip, had long hours up against a series of miseries and misfortunes, the treachery of his followers reduced him to utter despondency. The spring of hope was broken; the order of enterprise was extinguished; he looked around, and all was danger, and hope was extinguished; there was no eye to pity, or arm that could bring deliverance.

With a scanty band of followers, who still remained to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his father's. He wandered, like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, bereft of home, of family, and friend.

Even at his last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his earn-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed; crushed to the earth, but not humiliated; he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them. The idea of submission awaked the fury of Philip, and he smote to death a follower who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim escaped, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain.

A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and malice. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such was the fate of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of comical love and maternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship.

The captivity of his beloved wife and only son is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose afflictions he had confided, are said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort.

He was a patriot, attached to his native soil; a prince to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs; a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused.

Proud of heart, and with intangible love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and fannished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and dependent and despised in the opulence and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer, and a fugitive in his native land, and went down like a lonely bark, founding amidst darkness and tempest; without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

It was well said, by Sir Francis Bacon, that "old wood is best to burn; old friends best to trust; and old books best to read." What value do scholars put upon an ancient manuscript! Doubtless the oldest of all manuscripts is the Book of Life; and the writing of our names therein, the first-born of all God's favors. If God sets a value on the first fruits of our services, how careful should we be to magnify the first fruits of his goodness! If old charters be of so great esteem, as they are, in the world, what an immense estimate should we set upon the most ancient magna charta of our eternal election, having this seal, the Lord knew them that are his!—*Alcibiades*.

THE RIGHT PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.—I must not venture on a duty unless I bring God to it; nor rest satisfied, unless I carry God from it. Hear David's precept; Oh seek the Lord, and his strength, seek his face forevermore. Be sure there rises from Duty, before the countenance of God, rise in mercy upon thy soul; it must be Christ that must sit there and it must be Christ that must meet thee, or else it will be no ordinance of covenant to thee. What is the chariot if thy beloved be not in it? Then hear St. Bernard's precept: Lord! I never come to thee without thee, I never go from thee, but with thee; oh, blessed be the soul, that never prays, hears or receives but carries Christ in all, and brings Christ from all.

“BETTER NOT.”

A parcel of boys in Thornville had gathered around a cat-tail stalk, catching white headed bumble bees. A little clasp eager in the pursuit, was frequently cationed by an older boy, with “*Better not, Bill!*” Disregarding the friendly admonition, Bill at length seized one. It chance to be a honey bee, and the whiteness of its head was no indication that it was without a sting. The little fellow roared most piteously with the pain.

If it taught him a lesson, it was not lost on me, and many a time since has the incident occurred to me.

When by the revival of commerce, goods became plenty, and the rage for turning merchant turns the heads of half the citizens in the country, and I see a good substantial farmer leaving his plough and pitchfork, to measure out muslins and molasses—I can't help whispering in his ear—“*Better not, Bill!*”

When I see a farmer respectable for his intelligence and property, who ought to be an example in his neighborhood, reaching for the fifth glass of whisky at a tavern, I would to God that some guardian angel would arrest his hand, and impress on the friendly caution that should save him from destruction.

Take care, my pretty girl—take care. You understand me. Believe me, you had “*Better not!*”

CONTRAST.—Observe the difference between a religion which God makes for man, and a religion which man makes for God. Man in the vanity of his notions and the emptiness of his pride would think the preceptual precepts of the Gospel as below the dignity of religion. He would think a smoking altar, a gorgeous temple, a sounding song of hallelujahs; pealing from ten thousand voices, far more sublime, than a deed of gentle generosity quietly done to a poor afflicted humble creature, sinking down into the dust of oblivion and wretchedness. What a deal of smoke and noise there is about the religion men make for God! How generous, gentle and blessed is the religion which God makes for men!—*London New Monthly Mag.*

PATERNAL COUNSEL.—Dr. Witherspoon, among his paternal counsels to his pupils, says: “Do as much as you can to deserve praise, and yet avoid as much as possible the hearing of it.” When you come into public life, not only guard against fishing for applause and being inquisitive after what people think or say of you but avoid knowing it as much as you decently can. My reason for this is, that, whether you will or not, you will hear as much of the slanders of your

enemies, as you will bear with patience; and as much of the flattery of your friends, as you will bear with humility.” To this sage advice I will only add, that, officious and even impertinent remarks upon our performances or conduct, when offered, as they frequently are, from good motives, should never be received with a resentful or peevish spirit. On the contrary, it must commonly be our own fault, if from such remarks we do not derive some advantage.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1835.

LET YOUR MODERATION BE KNOWN.

We are *ultra*. This world, rotten as it is with crime, is not to be converted by the quiet, sleepy movements that characterized our forefathers. We have heard of rocks wearing away by the constant dropping of water; but it would take an eternity to wear away the sins of the world by such a method. We must have the torrent, but not dismayed; crushed to the earth, but not humiliated; he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

The vices that cover our earth like thickly-spread, and noxious weeds, are not to be destroyed singly, but to be gathered together, as it were, into mighty avalanches, and rolled into the deep sea of oblivion.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them. The idea of submission awaked the fury of Philip, and he smote to death a follower who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim escaped, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain.

A body of white men and Indians were immediately

ZION'S HERALD.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NO. XII.

Danger of being Over-wise. *A sermon preached June 7th, 1835, in the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany; by William B. Sprague, D. D., Pastor of the said Church.*

The Council of Clermont, can. 28, enjoins the communion in both kinds, adding two exceptions, “one of necessity and the other of caution;” the first in favor of the “sick,” the other of the “abstemious,” or those who are, from good motives, should never be received with a resentful or peevish spirit. On the contrary, it must commonly be our own fault, if from such remarks we do not derive some advantage.

With a scanty band of followers, who still remained to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his father's. He wandered, like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, bereft of home, of family, and friend.

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Proud of heart, and with intangible love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and fannished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and dependent and despised in the opulence and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer, and a fugitive in his native land, and went down like a lonely bark, founding amidst darkness and tempest; without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

\$13,000!

MAD. CELESTE has danced thirteen thousand dollars from the pockets of Boston Yankees, within the space of twenty-five nights. But that is not all. She has danc'd young men to the *brothel*—to the *GROG SHOP*—to *THEFT*—to *HELL*! Her gold will be cankered with iniquity.

A bald Eagle was shot yesterday afternoon, off the top of the cane, on Hollis street Church, by Mr. Benj. Blaney. The wings measured from one end, across the back to the other, five feet one inch.—*Patriot.*

A slight mistake. The bald Eagle happened by an odd accident to be a *zen Hawk*.

OLD JACOB KUHN, who has acted as Messenger to the House of Representatives these fifty years, has “gone

by the way of all the living.”

Many of the juvenile companions of the balmy days of our boyhood will remember when together we used to creep stealthily into the House to see the “great men” of the Commonwealth, and to catch the droppings of their eloquence as it distilled in hushed accents from their lips, with what terror we used to “scul,” as we saw a *really* clever old man, but who appeared to our minds a *Nero*, tripping towards us to give us the benefit of his admonitions for having “made a noise.” Peace to his manes! He was a sort of *fixture* in the House, to the loss of which time alone can reconcile us.

A PARODY.

The following parody of the Roman Orator is well adapted to modern times. If we err not it was prepared originally by Rev. S. Osgood Wright. Its republication in our paper will be of no injury to our readers.

A TOPER'S ADDRESS TO HIS POT COMPANIONS.

Hear me for your own sakes, and lay aside your tankards, that you may hear; believe me for your welfare, and have respect to your welfare, that you may believe; censure me in your sober moments, and be sober that you may be the better judge. If there be any around this table, any dear lover of ardent spirits to him I say, that Stingo's love of ardent spirits was less than his. If then that lower demand why Stingo rose again ardent spirits, this is my answer: not that I loved ardent spirits less, but that I loved wine more.

Many of the juveniles of the balmy days of our boyhood will remember when together we used to creep stealthily into the House to see the “great men” of the Commonwealth, and to catch the droppings of their eloquence as it distilled in hushed accents from their lips, with what terror we used to “scul,” as we saw a *really* clever old man, but who appeared to our minds a *Nero*, tripping towards us to give us the benefit of his admonitions for having “made a noise.” Peace to his manes! He was a sort of *fixture* in the House, to the loss of which time alone can reconcile us.

Stingo, in his fourth thesis, vol. vi. p. 440, proceeds to inquire, “*an vinum aqua debet sit usus*: if it be *necessary*, that the wine should be diluted with water?”—If it be *necessary*—not if it be an *unhallowed innovation*! To exhibit the character of Bellarmine, Vossius observes,—This Bellarmine presently adds, how much wisely has the Church of Rome conducted; she has not changed the materials of the sacrament, but remedied its defects, by administering to the people in one kind: “*Quanta sapientia ecclesia (Romana) non mutat sacramentorum materias; sed incommode illi medetur, unam sacram tantum ministrando.*”—In contemplation of such facts, and with the opinions of the ancient fathers before us, it is not perfectly absurd to proclaim, that nothing can rightfully be employed at the communion, but *fermented wine*, and that even that cannot be mingled with water, without an *unhallowed innovation*! It appears to us, that we have fully sustained our position, that, if it could be shown that *fermented wine* was used at the original institution, it by no means follows, that it continued use, at the Lord's Supper, is *essential* to a just performance of the rite.—But we have not yet exhibited the whole of our ground, and we trust that every Christian reader will go patiently along with us, in this interesting investigation, to its close.

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never man spake; and to inquire, if an humble and contrite sinner might not be permitted to commemorate his dying love, without drinking an intoxicating drink?—Who can doubt the character of our Redeemer's reply?

When Jeremiah assembled the Rechabites, in a chamber of the temple, and bade them drink, they knew full well that he was the prophet of the Lord; they could not doubt, that his command, "drink ye this wine," was the command of the Lord's prophet; yet, from a consideration of their vow, and of their father Jonadab's command, they flatly refused—"We drink no wine." The Lord God of Israel was well pleased with their fidelity, and gave them an assurance, through the prophet, of his special favor. Can we doubt, that our Lord will look down with equal favor, upon those, who, from the best of motives, refuse fermented wine, at the communion; which they cannot conscientiously believe, that he ever commanded to be used as an *essential* of that sacred ordinance?

THEOPHILUS.

It is customary in England, even on religious occasions for the audience to manifest their approbation of a public speaker, by the clapping of hands. We admire the *taste* and the *good sense* of the speaker, who recommended the following method, as a substitute.—

A NEW WAY OF APPLAUDING A PUBLIC SPEAKER.—At a late public meeting, one of the orators addressed the assembly as follows:—"My dear brethren, I beg to recommend for your adoption, a new method of clapping, less tumultuous, and much more pleasing; before you leave this place, clap your hands into your pockets, and clap your money into the plate to receive it, the Lord give it his blessing. The address had the desired effect.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A GREAT TRIUMPH.

The session of the Massachusetts Temperance Convention, held in this city during the preceding week, will be remembered as of signal importance to the cause.

One evil connected with this enterprise has been, that while ardent spirits were included in the prohibited catalogue of poisonous drinks, other intoxicating, and to a more limited extent, poisonous liquors were allowed to be freely used. To consider this matter, the Convention was called, and, after a warm debate, the following resolve was passed, with four dissenting votes:—

"Resolved, That it be recommended to all friends of Temperance to adopt the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquor as a drink."

This stand, taken by the *elite* of the Bay State, will give a mighty and resistless impulse to the cause in New England. We have now, truly, read the standard of "TOTAL ABSTINENCE." The objection so often used, "I use my Rum, because you use Wine," is met and answered.

"But," it may be asked, "do you believe that the use of wine in small quantities, if taken by an individual in a feeble state of health, will injure him?"

We answer frankly.—No. Such a case is an exception. But, then, we say, if possible, for the sake of your influence decline using it. And, so say we to ALL.

Among the warmest and most eloquent advocates of this measure at the Convention, should not be forgotten DR. EDWARDS and LUCIUS M. SARGEANT. Honored and sainted will be the memory of these benevolent men, who, in common with many others, have devoted life, health, intellect, and property, to this work. The tears of the widow will water their graves for the restoration of her Prodigal son, while the afflictions of hundreds of reclaimed sinners will form a luxuriant wreath of evergreen around their tomb-stones. Oh, how blessed is the work of the philanthropist. Such men we love. Had we the power of the ancient *seer*, we would command the sun of prosperity "to stand still" and pour its warming, vivifying rays forever upon their heads.

MY PATRONS.—The manager of the New Orleans Theatre invited Mr. Booth, the celebrated tragedian, to wear his paste-board diadem, and act the hero on its boards. The gentleman declined. Why? Because his special "patrons" had received leave of absence *sans ceremonie*, by the city authorities. And who were they? [C] GAMBLERS! The Theatre, forsooth, is a school of morality!—ay, that it is. Just hear how solemnly this moralist preaches, in the following:—

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR.—Our Camp-meeting at West Townsend, Vt., commenced on the 7th of the present month, under circumstances the most favorable. The scene was both new and novel, to the people in this section of country.

Therefore, prejudice, as is common in most places where our peculiarities, as a denomination, are not generally known and understood, showed itself in a thousand forms, which retarded the operations of the meeting in some degree, for one or two days. But He who was a "wall of fire round about his people," anciently, "and a glory in their midst," was in this instance no less strikingly manifest among his people. He made "his ministers flames of fire," and "clothed them with salvation, as with a garment," and they preached with a power peculiar on such occasions. The consequence was,—prejudice yielded,—"Zion heard, and was glad"—sinners were convinced of sin, and converted to God—believers were sanctified—backsliders reclaimed—and an influence gained, which will tell on the hearts of the present and rising generation, for years to come.

Our much respected Presiding Elder was under the necessity of leaving the ground, early on Friday morning; which was much regretted, by us all; but He who dwelt in the high and lofty place presided, himself, and before the day closed, more than one hundred came forward for prayers, at different times. The number converted was probably about sixty.

The period at length arrived, when we were to strike the tents and scatter abroad, probably never all to meet again on earth. The procession was formed on Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, and marched slowly around the ground. Some shouted at the prospect of meeting again, others sighed, and wept in silence, at the thought of leaving a place, where the presence of him, who "dwelt in the bush," was so powerfully felt, while the stout hearted sinner, who had hitherto remained unmoved, was melted into tears.

H. J. WOOLLEY.

North Wardsboro', Sept. 21, 1835.

[From our Correspondent.]

MARIA'S VINEYARD.

EDGARTOWN, MASS., Sept. 15, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—The history of this place, and indeed of this whole Island, Martha's Vineyard, will interest the curious reader. I should be glad, were it practicable, to give you a bird's eye view of it; but as it is, I can only give you a few scraps.

The first English settlers of this place, landed in the immediate vicinity of the site where our village is now located, but a year or two after the landing at Plymouth; so that our town is justly venerated, as being among the oldest settlements in New England. It has been stated that the MATHEWS were the first whites who landed on

the Island; but this is manifestly a mistake. They did not come to the Island until several years after the first whites landed here.

From the best information which can be obtained on the subject, the number of the first white settlers of the place was four. Their names were PEASE, VINSON, (since changed to Vincent,) TRAP, and BROWNING. The two latter names have become utterly extinct, while the former two are very common.

Tradition brings down to us the following very interesting story: Not long after the above persons came to land, the Indians, who in this part of the Island were disposed to be friendly, came down near the shore, apparently with great wonder at the unusual sight. The whites gave every possible sign of friendship; but yet the Indians appeared timid, and approached them with great caution. One of the men having with him the coat in which he had performed military duty in his own country, presented it to the Indian Chief. It was not without much ado, that the Indians were prevailed on to take the "red coat" into their hands. But having finally received it, and being shown how to put it on the person of their chief, they were so transported that they set up a shout, enough to make the woods literally "ring again." In return for the coat, the chief gave the white men a large tract of land, being more than half of what now comprises this township, and is that part of it in which the town itself is situated.

I cannot tell you precisely what is now the entire population of this town; that of this village, which is now very flourishing, is about 1000. The whale fishery is carried on to some extent, from this port. This harbor is one of the finest and safest on the coast. Many of the Nantucket ships come to this port to fit for sea, on account of the barred harbor at that place; they also on their return from their voyage, stop here in the inclement seasons, to discharge their cargoes of oil.

Yours, &c.

LONG SERMONS.—The following dialogue between two ladies occurred in our presence a few Sabbaths since, in a town not twenty miles from Boston.

"Are you going to church this afternoon, M——?"

"No, Mr. —— preaches so long that I get completely tired out. I should go oftener if he preached shorter."

"I know it; it's too bad."

"I wish somebody would give him a *hint* about it. If it was not for that fault I should be very much interested in his sermons."

gentle lady, we are at your service. Your *wish* shall be met. We hereby notify every preacher who indulges himself, and fatigues his congregations, with long sermons, that this article is intended as a *hint* to him.

We dislike them as much as we do [square] long communications in a religious paper. Verbum Sat.

MORE THAN THEY ALL.

The Widow's Mite, consecrated by sweat and poverty, is more valuable in the Treasury of Christ than thousands which it costs no sacrifice to give.

The money, enclosed in the following note, has been handed to the Treasurer of the Young Men's Methodist Foreign Missionary Society. We hope the donor will not get as far as our stars again, with a \$5 note in her hand, and then turn away. We will engage that all such donations shall go to their proper place.

brought about by *business*, and *bustle*, and *books*. He was not sure, that we all should not have to become *Moravians* in practice, if not in sentiment, and bring the matter down to simple praying and preaching, before the work would be accomplished. The churches would not be deeply pious without a deeply pious ministry.

BOSTON, MASS.

"An attempt was made here upon the anniversary of the Charlestown numerary burning, to celebrate that patriotic act by a dinner and procession. I need not stop to lament the state of public sentiment that would embolden a number of men openly to rejoice over an act like that of August, 1834. It is sufficient that there were men bold and bad enough to wish to do this; and perhaps to excite another mob for the carrying out of the same system. They prepared standards covered with pictures emblematic of Romish horrors and impurities, and with these in their hands and arms by their sides, they were to march from Mount Benedict through this city to Roxbury, and there dine.

As there was danger that the Irish would resent the insults offered their religion, even if the Protestants made no attack upon them, and as the Bostonians like to be quiet, the city authorities proceeded to crush coming troubles in the egg. Guards were stationed at all the avenues leading to the city, and no suspicious persons allowed to pass, as a collection was feared in town: the selectmen of Charlestown took possession of the banners and arms which were to be used; a thousand men, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridges stood ready at Faneuil Hall, to act as required: and less these things should be insufficient, the selectmen of Roxbury waited upon the dinner committee, and took legal possession of the viands and wines, for the time being. Thus deprived of standards, arms, and victuals; with one army watching them, and another ready to shoot them, the poor rioters could do nothing: their strength was taken from them, and a conflict,—which might have been bloody without example in our country,—was prevented."

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EIGHTH REPORT

OF THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Just issued from the press, and for sale by SETH BLAIS, No. 5, Cornhill, Boston, at 12 1/2 single, \$1.20 per dozen, \$8 per hundred, \$62.50 per thousand.—*The Eighth Report of the American Temperance Society.*

The object of the report is to show the following things, viz:—

1. The origin of Alcohol, or the intoxicating principle in liquor.

2. Its nature and effects.

3. The reasons why men use it as a beverage and think it does them good, when in reality it does them harm.

4. The reasons why men who begin to drink it, so often not only continue to do it, but continue also to increase the quantity, till character, property, health, and soul are destroyed.

5. The manner in which Alcohol causes death. In this part of the Report, an attempt is made to produce upon the reader an impression like that which he would have, were the human body transparent, and the operation of those laws, by which life is sustained, visible; an impression, like that which he would have, could he look in upon that delicate and complicated machinery, the master-workmanship of God upon matter, the human body, and see the process of its destruction by Alcohol, with as much plainness, as if he stood near upon an eminence, he could see the destruction of an army on the field of battle, or the destruction of a city by the devouring element. In this way, it is thought he may have an accurate and a complete demonstration, that the use of Alcohol as a beverage is a violation of the command, "Thou shalt not kill;" and of course a demonstration, that the making of it and the furnishing of it, by sale or otherwise, to be used as a drink, is a violation of the law of God.

6. The evidence that it destroys the soul, the nature of that destruction, and the manner in which it is effected.

7. The way in which all the above-mentioned evils may be prevented; what has been done in different parts of the world for this purpose, and the plan of the American Temperance Society for future operations.

It is earnestly desired that this important document may be read by every person in the United States; and that, for this purpose, the friends of Temperance in each State will take measures to put a copy of it into every family.

It can be had, in any quantity, at the place above mentioned, or of Perkins, Marvin & Co., No. 114 Washington street, Boston, and numerous other Booksellers throughout the United States.

The avail of this Report will be devoted to the promotion of the Temperance cause.

State and County Societies that are disposed to reprint the above Report, for the purpose of furnishing a copy to each family within their limits, are invited to do so.

Editors of Papers and Periodicals, friendly to the cause of Temperance, throughout the United States, are requested to insert the above in their publications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D." we'll tell you all we know—and that's but little; about the matter in our next.

"Camp-Meeting, in Leyden," next week.

"The Jews" soon—provided our compositor, who is a first-rate translator, can manage the hieroglyphics, which the article is written.

"The Memory of the Dead;" poetry in prose. It

most certainly shall have a place in our columns. We hope to be honored with communications from the same felicitous mind, hereafter. A large—very large—number of *Obituaries* we have received.

"Worldly-Mindedness" soon.

We have two poetical effusions from "Justitia," which, of course, will not be rejected.

Rev. La Roy Sunderland's long, but able, letter upon Universalism, will be published as soon as we can find sufficient space.

"A suggestion"—excuse us, brother, is "under the *hand*."

The suggestion was well enough—but

ZION'S HERALD AND BRANDY.

A curious caption, to be sure; but we hope that none of our readers consider it a legitimate alliance. Brandy, which some call, by way of misnomer, the "Good creature of God," but which we style "The bad creature of the Devil," is a friend of ours. Yet, who would expect a brandy-drinker asking for Zion's Herald in a grog-shop?

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—You recently told us of the fate of one of the Heralds in a grog-shop. This brought about the same time, it describes one peculiar want, and it will suit all. I will try to remember some of the sentiments of the discourse; but I am afraid they will appear in my transcription somewhat commonplace, instead of being stamped with originality, with which they came to my mind and heart; and my expression of them must be meagre, even more so than it would have been—from the lateness of the hour, and from my having been intensely fatigued, and a subsequent address.

The first head of his discourse was—a deeply pious ministry is needed. This, the speaker said, would all advise. But he said, he feared they would admit it too easily; they would say, "Well, that is right; pass to the next"—without stopping to consider, why it is important. We need a deeply pious ministry, because, unless we have it, the churches will not be holy. There is no religion enough in the churches. This is the great obstacle to the progress of the kingdom of Christ. Why is it that revivals of religion are so short in their duration—so spasmodic? Why are these gracious seasons succeeded

by seasons of coldness and apathy? There is not religion enough in the churches to bear success. When they see the result with which God has crowned their efforts, it seems to them that they have done it; and God is obliged to withdraw his influences, to teach them that it is not man, but God.

This is a truth; and O, my brother, I pray that God would write it upon my heart, and upon your heart, and upon the hearts of all his children. I am serious—deeply serious in this. I have consecrated myself to God—I wish to live for the salvation of the world; I must be holy, and my brother, you must be holy—we must all be holy, if we would have the world given to Christ.

He said, that we are too prone to regard the salvation

of the world as a *money affair*—to expect that it is to be

brought about by *business*, and *bustle*, and *books*. He was not sure, that we all should not have to become *Moravians* in practice, if not in sentiment, and bring the matter down to simple praying and preaching, before the work would be accomplished. The churches would not be deeply pious without a deeply pious ministry.

BOSTON, MASS.

"An attempt was

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

" THERE THE WEARY BE AT REST."

—Job iii. 17.

Oh, yes! there's a language, soft, gentle, and clear,—
Like the music of heaven it falls on the ear
Of the poor way-worn pilgrim,—delightful and blest,—
And tells of the place where the weary shall rest.

Do mountains of sorrow, like ocean waves rise,
And dark clouds brood over the sunniest skies,
And billows o'erwhelm thee, and tempests molest?
Look up then, rejoicing that the weary shall rest.

Or art thou afflicted, and worn down with grief,
When no kind hand's extended to grant thee relief,
When thy pillow by no ministering spirit is blest;
Let thy faith catch the watchword, There the weary shall rest.

And sooner temptations around thee are spread,
And the enemy's arrows are poi'd o'er thy head,
And thy heart throbs with anguish, thy spirit oppress'd,—
Then think of that home where the weary shall rest.

Do friends prove unfaithful, or distant and cold,
Pass along when thy tale of distresses is told,
Ne'er bestow a sweet cordial to thy aching breast;
'Tis not thus in heaven, where the weary shall rest.

Ah! who would live alway amid doubts and fears,
And sorrows, and trials, temptations and tears,
Far, far from the home of the Christian and blest,
From the mansions of glory, where the weary shall rest?

JUSTITIA.

Hartford, Conn., 1835.

[From the Christian Watchman.]

ELEGY

On the death of Russell Brown, member of the Sophomore, Class, Williams College, 1835.

A knell is borne upon the air,
Low murmuring through the vale;
And hearts are weeping; for the braw
Of one lov'd youth is pale!
Sailing with us down Time's smooth stream,
In health, and hope, and pride;
The billows rose—we saw him sink
In silence by our side.

We know when autumn winds are hard,
The flower and leaf must fade;
That age, with hoary locks, must soon
Within the grave be laid;
But who, that saw that healthful cheek,
That dark and restless eye,
Had singled from our ranks that one,
To be the first to die!

The funeral dirge has died away
Upon the mountain air;
The heart once warm with life and love,
O must it moulder there?
No, not forever. Thou shalt wake
When time and change are o'er,
To wander o'er the heavenly hills,
Where sorrow comes no more.

Go, comrade, to the angel land,
Thy work on earth is done;
There shalt thou take the starry crown,
Which thou hast nobly won:
Affection of a wreath shall twine
To deck thy early tomb,
And mourn that one of hopes so high,
Should die in youthful bloom.

W. G. B.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Sister EVERLINE WILLIAMS was the daughter of the Rev. Lewis Allen, an elder in the Baptist church in Dummerston, Vt. She experienced religion when young, and the remaining part of her life, most of which was spent in Westmoreland, N. H., she was an ornament to the church, and an example to the world. She fell asleep, we trust in Christ, Aug. 24, 1835, aged 28 years. Her uniform and consistent life bears the most consoling evidence, that she has gone to rest.

W. M. H. BREWSTER.

Keene, N. H., Sept., 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Sandwich, N. H., June 28th, 1835, MARY, only daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary Beebe, aged about 9 years. Her sickness was short, but very distressing, being the throat distemper, which she bore with all the resignation of an experienced Christian.

The powerful effects of divine grace are seldom more clearly seen at so early an age, than in the case of this interesting little girl. At what age her mind first became impressed with the fear of God, is not known. Nothing uncommon was discovered by her parents, until within a few hours before her departure. Seeing her fast sinking into the arms of death, they wished to know the state of her mind, when, to the astonishment of all around, the following conversation took place.

"Mary, do you think you shall get well?"
"I don't know."
"Do you remember of reading in your Testament any thing about Jesus?"

"Yes."
"Where is he?"
"In heaven."
"Can you see heaven?"
"Yes, it looks beautiful; I see a great many men praying God."

"Did you ever pray?"
"Yes, a great many times, to myself. When I went to bed at night, and arose in the morning, I repeated this verse:

"Lord, I am a little child,
O teach me how to pray;
Make me gentle, meek, and mild,
And take my sins away."

"Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, the best of any body. I love him in my heart."

"Do you think you shall go to heaven?"

"Yes, father, and I want you to come to heaven to me, and I want mother to come too."

She manifested an ardent desire that all in the room might go to heaven, and wished them to tell her absent friends that she wanted them to also. She wished her father to forgive her, and she had prayed God to forgive her. She had her reason to the last, and gave directions about her funeral, and particularly about dividing her things among her friends, that all might have something with which to remember her. She requested the prayers of all, that her departure might come quickly, and then expired, while angels bore her happy spirit away to the bosom of her Saviour.

The early exit of little Mary was deeply lamented by all who knew her. By her parents she was loved

almost to idolatry, and she was worthy of their love. She was possessed of a mild and amiable disposition. She was fond of books, and for one so young, had made great proficiency, and bid fair to have been useful in the world, and an ornament to the church of Christ, had her life been spared; but God sees not as man sees. Like the morning flower, just beginning to unfold its beauties, she is cut off by the hand of death. But the flower has not perished—only what was earthly has faded; the blossom still lives, but is transplanted from earthly to heavenly soil, there watered and refreshed by the "streams which make glad the city of our God," and cherished and enlivened by the smiles of his countenance, to bloom forever, where parents, relatives and friends will ever long belong its opening and spreading beauties, if they heed her admonition, and are faithful to their God.

I hope all my young friends who may read of the death of little Mary, will try to imitate the example. They too must soon die. Though they may now be in blooming health, yet a few short days of pain and sickness, and they wither, drop and die. Do you not wish to go to heaven, where Mary is gone? Then like her, begin early to pray that your heavenly Father may take away your sins. If children do not pray, God will not make them happy, but "he loves those that love him, and they that seek him early shall find him."

L. D. BLODGET.

Sandwich, N. H., Sept., 1835.

Miscellaneous.

DYING AT HIS POST.

The Western Christian Advocate contains an account of the sudden death of the Methodist minister of St. Louis, the Rev. Mr. DRUMMOND, by cholera, on the 15th of last month. He preached like a flaming angel on Sabbath, and on the next morning was admitted to the paradise of God.

His bodily pain was extreme, until within a short time of his death; but his reason and self-possession never forsook him. He felt anxious indeed, and prayed that God would shorten the period of his severe sufferings, and hasten his end; but he added, "If it be thy blessed will, O my father!" "God is right, and God is love, my dear brother," said I to him, notwithstanding the severe afflictions of his head. "O yes, O yes," he replied, "all is well."

Religion! it is the name of all that is good in heaven given to men on earth. It is the angel of mercy in the house of death. It sweetens life. It expands and beautifies the affections of the heart. It binds families more firmly together in unity. It is the morning guide of youth in the path of duty. It is the staff of old age. It is the companion of man in all situations, times and places. It is the light which illuminates the tomb. It gives new light to the startled senses, when they are called to depart from the earth. It is not satisfied until it leaves the children of humanity before the throne of God, in the likeness of the resurrection, pure and faultless as the angels of paradise.

THE AIM OF RELIGION.—The aim of religion is accomplished, if it succeed in making people good. Its diamonds are brightest, when its holy influence disarms man of a blood-thirsty spirit. Its trophies consist in robbing people of their enmity towards each other, and in warming their souls with a spirit which returns good for evil. Its most beautiful gems are good works, justice, charity, honesty, and mercy. Its noblest duty is done, if it can comfort the desolate widow, and provide for the orphan.

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Here seeing the tears flowing abundantly from the eyes of his most affectionate wife, he said with much earnestness, "Weep not for me—weep not for me—my work is done—all is well—God is love—O my Lord, thou art my portion forever."

The corpse was taken to the Methodist church on Monday evening, and placed in front of the pulpit near the altar, where it remained until Tuesday morning, about 9 o'clock, when the funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Chatterton, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a very appropriate address delivered by Rev. Mr. Potts, of the First Presbyterian church, after which the congregation, forming a very large procession, followed the remains of our brother to the Methodist burying ground, where a deeply sorrowing multitude continued to evidence the truth, that a faithful minister of Christ, who is "accepted of God," is approved of men."

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Pains of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Round the altar priests confess;
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinned once of Adam's race,
Grief, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, transplanted thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

A WRECK AT SEA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about many months; clusters of shell fish had fastened about it, and long sea weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amid the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, perused over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one moment shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly,

every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was sailing," said he "in a fine stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the day time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights in the mast head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the thrilling alarm of 'a sail ahead!'—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves, we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us I had a glimpse of two or three half naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they then started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that swept it over our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! it was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any of the survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more."

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